

The Lord of *Warwickshire's* //

G A R L A N D,

Containing some delightful.

New Songs.

- I. The Lord of *Warwickshire*.
- II. A new Song, call'd *Take me Jenny*.
- III. The Sailor's departure from his true love *Nancy*.
- IV. A new Song, called the Butcher's daughter.



Licensed and Enter'd according to Order.

The Lord of *Warwickshire's* GARLAND.

THERE was a Lord in *Warwickshire*,
 A Lord of high renown ;
 Who kill'd a Man for Pleasure,
 A Man that was but mean :
 His weight in Gold and Silver,
 Was proffered for his Life ;
 But it was all denied
 By his beloved Wife.



Some say Gold bewitches,
 Some People for their good ;
 But I like no such Riches,
 I'll have his price in Blood.
 For since he was so cruel,
 To send him to his Grave ;
 His Life I'll have for Ransom,
 And Blood for Blood I'll have.

'This noble Lord was pitied,
 By a poor Servant Maid ;
 O was I but admitted,
 Admitted then she said,
 To go before the Judges,
 I hope to end all strife ;
 I am a love-sick Virgin,
 In Tears I'll beg his Life.

She borrowed rich Apparel
 With Jewels manifold ;
 Of one that liv'd hard by her,
 A costly Chain of Gold.

All things then being ready,
 She with a Foot-man came,
 Appeared like a Lady;
 Of honour wealth and Fame.

But when before the Judges,
 Down on her Knees did fall,
 Beseeching him for Mercy,
 For Mercy she did call.
 Have pity on a Virgin,
 And spare my noble Lord,
 Blessings out of measure,
 Shall ever be your Reward.

Wring not your Hands fair Lady,
 For it is all in vain,

Wring not your Hands fair Lady,
 For a fairer one was slain.

Wring not your Hands fair Lady,
 For murder is committed,
 Blood for Blood again,
 If one of us should suffer.

Pray let it fall on me,

My Life I'll give for Ransom,
 To let his Lordship free

You do deserve to have him;
 Such Love I never knew,

This Night I then shall quit him,
 Fair Lady for thy Sake,

Go Hand in Hand together.

A long this Couple went,

Until they came to a Tavern,
 A Tavern of abode

My Lord within this Tavern.

I am my Lord well known,
 I am but a poor Servant-maid,
 These Cloaths are not my own;
 more cause to love thee,
 Than all the world besides;
 'T'o make thee Satisfaction,
 I'll make thee my Lawful Bride,
 Thou hast wrought thy own promotion,
 Thou hast prolong'd my Day
 So Hand in Hand together,
 Let Lover's sing their Praise
 And be their own for ever.



A new Song, call'd *Take me Jenny.*

Sweetest of pretty Maids, let *Cupid* incline thee,
 I accept of a faithful Heart, which now I resign thee
 Scorning all selfish Ends, regardless of Money,
 It yields only to the Girl that's generous and bonny.

Take me *Jenny*

Let me win you

While I'm in the Humpur,

I adore you

I implore you

What can Mortal do more,

Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shy,

There's my Hand, there's my Hand, I never will
 beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely Eyes, thy Sweet Lips delighting
 Well polish'd thy Iv'ry Neck, thy round Arms inviting
 Oft at the Milk white Chum, with rapture I've seen
 them,

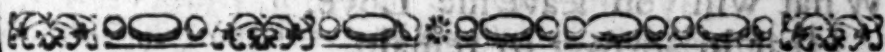
But oh! how I've sigh'd and wish'd my own arms
 between them.

Take me *Jenny*, &c.

I've store of Sheep my love, and Goats on the Mountain;
And water to brew good Ale, from yon Chrystal
Fountain,

I've to a pretty Cot with Garden and Land to't,
But all will be doubly blest, when you put a Hand to't

Take me Jenny, &c.



*The Sailor's departure from his true
Love Nancy.*

A Young Sailor with his true Love,
One Morning in May,
Was walking in the Meadows
So green and so gay,
Where the Birds are sweetly singing,
And the Lark ascending high,
Which was most sweet and charming
To hear their Melody.

And as they were Walking,
Sweet Pleasure for to take,
Says the Sailor to his Lover,
My dear Love for our Sak,

I'll

I'll away to the *Indies*,
 Whatever may betide,
 And when I do return Love,
 I will make you my Bride.

Then a heavy Sigh she gave him,
 Saying, *Jemmy* My Dear,
 Whilst down her soft Cheeks,
 Dropt many a soft Tear:
 What will you leave me Love,
 Hear in Sorrow to remain,
 Till you from the *Indies*
 Do return back again.

Then off from his Finger,
 A Gold Ring to her he gave,
 Saying take this as a Token,
 And more you shall have;
 I am bound over the Ocean,
 Where the Billows loudly roar,
 For the sake of my *Nancy*,
 The Girl whom I adore.

Fare you well, my dearest *Nancy*,
 No longer can I stay,
 Our Topails are loose
 And our Anchors under Way,
 Then with Ten Thousand Kisses,
 Down her Cheeks the Tears they fell:
 May the Heavens protect thee,
 Dearest *Jemmy* farewell.

A new Song, called the Butcher's Daughter.

COME listen a while all you that love fun,
 I'll tell you a story that lately was done
 Of a butcher in St James's market did dwell
 Had a beautiful daughter, none could her excel;
 For Wit and for beauty, so comely and straight
 And many a sweet-heart upon her did wait.

Fall de la!, &c.

There was a nobleman lived hard by,
 On this beauty bright he did cast an Eye;
 He said, I must strive to get her maiden-head,
 But with her I'm never resolved to wed.

He gave her a gold watch and jewels, they say;
 And took her each night to a ball or a play;
 She freely consented with him for to wed,
 But all that he wanted was her maiden-head.

He said, My dear jewel, if thou wilt agree,
 Let have this night's lodging with thee;
 One hundred guineas I'll give thee he cry'd,
 And to-morrow morning you shall be my bride,

She said, Noble sir, all hazards I'll run,
 But if it be known, I'm surely undone;
 But when I do come, in the dark, it must be,
 Or else I will never surrender to thee.

He gave her the Gold, and did her salute,
 Said he, my dear jewel, I make no dispute;
 My man shall wait on you in the dark, he said,
 And I will go instantly home to my bed.

Then straight home the beauty she went,
 And straight for a blackamoor girl she sent;
 And told her the Story, they quickly agreed,
 She put off her cloaths and dress'd her with speed.

Five guineas you receive when the job it is over
Straightway she conducted the black to the door,
She gave a soft knock, the footman was near,
And then he conducted her up to her dear.

Being quite dark he could not see her face,
In many a manner he did her embrace;
At first she seems shy, and began for to weep,
But they bill'd in pleasure till they both fell asleep.

Next morning day-light thro' the curtains did peep
The noble awak'd out of his drowsy sleep
He thought that his charmer lay at his back,
He turn'd to embrace her and found her a black.

He jump'd out of bed and like thunder did roar
So naked he ran in his Shirt to the door,
So naked he ran to the street in afright,
Said, I have been kissing the devil all night.

The black she snatch'd up her coat & her gown
Put on the rest on her things and run down;
She said, You've had pleasure on me as you lik'd,
Sir, I am no devil, although I be black.

He said, I love beauty, I think I am fitted,
For the butcher's daughter she here me out witted,
I do her commend with all my Heart,
For the joke's sake I'll ne'er kiss in the dark.

The people laugh to hear him say so,
And straight the Black to the Beauty did go;
She told her the story, she laugh'd heartily,
Saying, I will hear further of this by and by.

Then for the beauty the nobleman sent,
To him with some of her friends she went;
He told them the Story, they laughed indeed,
And both to be wedded they quickly agreed.